

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



"AS WHITE AS THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS LIPS WAS THE FACE THAT LOOKED AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICERS ENTERING."

THE FERROL FAMILY;
OR, "KEEPING UP APPEARANCES."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN HILLS."

CHAPTER XXIII.—MRS. FERROL'S DEBTS PAID.

THE unpleasant rumour which had reached Mr. Wardour's ears in the city, concerning Ferrol's bank, returned to his memory as he sat after dinner with the chief partner of that establishment.

When the ladies had retired, Euston Ferrol drew his chair to the fireplace, and placed a small table between him and his guest, to which he removed several decanters and their glasses. Before long it began to dawn upon his companion that Euston Ferrol was drinking deeply. Evidently, the circumstance was not uncommon, and at first he was somewhat genialized; his ordinary cynicism softened into a seeming of agreeability. But

Wardour's eyes were opened by a subsequent freedom of speech, which he had never before heard from his ordinarily close and subtle brother-in-law. *In vino veritas*; and the banker not only declared opinions respecting his connections on all sides, frequently the reverse of flattering, but even relaxed on the subject of his own affairs more than was his wont in daylight.

"This still Silly—why don't you take some, Wardour? what a lovely amber colour it is!—reminds me of my amiable mother-in-law's little attentions before she succeeded in capturing me: her *petits soupers* in Bruton Street. Amiable woman, Mildred's mother. Heard her cuffing the page one morning that the poor little wretch admitted me without orders. Clever woman, too: kept up appearances amazingly, on next to nothing. Used to puzzle me how she did it."

And, as he lay back in the arm-chair, he remembered the three hundred cheque drawn one morning, and never since heard of.

"I believe it was by never paying anybody," he continued with a sneer. "By the way, Sir Hugh was with me to-day, fresh from the Emerald Isle; he has had a schedule filed against him in the Estates Court, and was trying to persuade me to become fiftieth creditor on a property that will pay about the first ten; but he says she's had an offer from an East Indian with a large fortune."

"Indeed!" Mr. Wardour instantly conceived a high idea of his wife's sagacity.

"I presume the old lady wants her debts paid," remarked the other. "Clever woman, that. Another lady to match is Mrs. Carnaby Pyke. She angled for me, too—bait, poor little Agatha. Very pretty creature she was, once; but the most changed being since her marriage: they set out on an absurdly high scale. A fellow with three hundred a-year undertaking expenses fit for a man of a thousand a year! I have no patience with such extravagance. Why there isn't a crash in that quarter, I can't conceive; and, tell you what, the father-in-law is not much safer."

Mr. Wardour felt it unjustifiable to pick up the secrets of strangers in this manner; he suggested adjournment to the drawing-room; so his entertainer rang for coffee, continuing his own devotion to the decanters, notwithstanding. When they went upstairs, his face was flushed and his hand unsteady, as his wife's quick eye saw, the moment they entered. Her irrepressible glance of disgust was not lost upon Agnes, nor the momentary shudder with which she endured his touch, as he came to sit beside her on the sofa. He talked too much, of course; said many things which in clearer moments he would not have uttered; and Agnes was the wiser of one sad secret of her sister's heart, while she sat at the tea-table, and tried to appear unconscious of it all. The warmth of her embrace afterwards, in the gorgeously appointed dressing-room, as she prepared to go away, fairly unnerved Mildred; she burst into tears.

"Don't speak to me! Don't say you pity me!" Her beautiful face was covered with the long white hands jewelled with costliest rings. "O, Agnes,

it is nothing to other times! It is nothing to the evenings at Ackworth: and—and—I don't know what to think, he says such dreadful things!"

"Oh, Mildred!" Neither spoke for a few minutes. Mrs. Ferrol was calming herself. "Forgive me," she said. "I am so unused to friendship, that I hardly believe in sympathy, and I hate compassion. He is my husband, and for weal or woe I am bound to him, even if he were the worst of what he says at times. Oh, dear Agnes, you are happy! you are secure! you know not how happy and secure! Good night;" and she kissed her intensely. And Mrs. Wardour's thick veil was over her face as she shook hands with Mr. Ferrol a few minutes afterwards. She wept very quietly in the cab going home. Not but that Richard had some suspicion of it, however, and some divination of the cause.

In the meantime, across the Irish Channel Mrs. Ferrol the elder had been managing matters for herself, as she was capable of doing. Her debts had not diminished since her residence in Dublin; a new one of considerable magnitude had been contracted with Madame Mauve, the well known court milliner of Grafton Street, and she was seriously alarmed by the sudden conveyance of an acquaintance (who existed on the same credit-principle) to the safe keeping of one of her Majesty's mansions for the entertainment of debtors. Madame Mauve was known to be a relentless creditor—where she had nothing to gain by being lenient. It was at her suit that the unfortunate Mrs. Flashington was transmitted to the secure residence aforesaid. Mrs. Ferrol began to think of interposing her antique admirer, Major Currie, between her and any similar misfortune. How glorious that principle of British law, thought the lady, which identifies husband and wife so far as that he must pay what I owe! He had at least his pension, with something extra in consideration of a cork leg gained in the H. E. I. C.'s service. Rumour ran that he had hoards of rupees besides; and she knew that his was likely to be her last offer, as she was advancing in the vale of years. Her children had all enough to do in holding their own ground: accordingly, much to the scorn and indignation of the Misses Honoria and Bidelia Loftus, who, never having had husbands themselves, thought that a succession to any one woman's share was totally unfair; but who, neither of them, would marry Major Currie—oh dear no! not for worlds! not for any consideration! Mrs. Ferrol accepted the old gentleman, and they were married quietly one morning at St. Peter's Church.

Madame Mauve had desisted from sharp proceedings in contemplation, when the intended match was spoken of; but when from Wicklow the wedded pair had returned, and upon the pier at Kingstown were strolling one fair afternoon, with purple Howth before them, miles across the blue swelling waters of the bay, the unsuspecting bridegroom was gently tapped on the shoulder, and informed of a writ in the sheriff's hands against him. There was no immediate resource: to the queen's prison went he for many days of the honeymoon, and thus did Mrs. Ferrol pay her debts. Madame Japon

sent over a detainer for the amount of her bill; other of his lady's London creditors did the like. The domestic felicity ensuing may be imagined, rather than described. It was cat and dog life realized. Who shall say that she had not deserved it? Henceforth we have done with her; she passes from this story, linked with a decrepit valetudinarian, his temper embittered by remembrance of the injury she had done him, his trust in her for ever ended.

If we were to whisper a moral to her, ere she disappears among the shadows of such a life, we would say—"In the misfortunes and misconduct of your children, behold the legitimate result of your own principles, and of the training you bestowed. You taught them, as well by precept as by the greater power of example, to live altogether for appearances—to find their highest ambition in a simulation of wealth. The lesson has been carried out faithfully, and instead of passing truthful, simple, happy lives, prosperous whereinsoever was God's will, by honest industry and talent, your sons have been fevered with restless endeavour, not to *be*, but to *seem*; and miserable has been their failure."

Thus would we moralize, as the late Mrs. Ferrol passes away from sight or speech, behind the scenes.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE BUBBLE BROKEN.

AGATHA was not stronger as the spring-time deepened, and the days lengthened towards summer again. Her little child had died during a night in the past autumn. Great was the mother's loneliness and longing: it was as though a part of her own nature had died. She ceased to be much troubled by minor vexations; after that deep sorrow, a repose of spirit seemed to come in its train, as the coolness of shadow follows a cloud. The Bible became her continual companion. Affliction was made in her case, as in many others, a means of inward blessing, and she felt the need of something to lean upon while all earthly supports were crumbling away.

She had a continual uncertainty about her husband's position as to money matters. He never alluded to them; but she saw his morose demeanour. At the time of Mr. Wardour's visit in the past summer, he had suddenly laid down his carriage and discharged the coachman, without assigning any cause: much to the horror of Mrs. Carnaby Pyke, who commiserated her sweet Agatha deeply under the privation. That very movement towards an honest life, less tinselled with pretences, had brought on him a host of creditors, who were, foolishly enough, more disposed to tolerate his debts while an equipage seemed to guarantee his solvency.

An event occurred during the winter, which greatly agitated Agatha. Doctor Ferrol was sent for one evening in great haste to see his neighbour, Mr. Glanvil, who was seized with sudden illness. Whatever was its nature, the patient rapidly sank; and though the renowned Sir Lancett Pyke was summoned, he only shook his wise head, assented to Doctor Ferrol's treatment, and confirmed his gloomiest anticipations. The hard-working, over-driven lawyer, worn out by a life of strenuous labour and

anxiety, could not bear up against the shock of acute disease: and, as the papers say in cases of humbler people, "he left a large family totally unprovided for."

This is bad enough where the deceased is a bricklayer or a railway guard, whose wife and children have the refuge of their own hands, or at worst of the parish; but what shall be said of the professional gentleman's family—who have been accustomed to refined comforts, perhaps to a degree of luxury—who have been educated in artificial wants—suddenly plunged into utter penury by the death of the husband and father on whom their all depended? Here is a helpless misery, perhaps the most pitiable of the varied forms of distress in modern society.

During her first despair, even Mrs. Glanvil, that careful, secretive woman, who had for twenty-five years striven successfully to keep up appearances, seemed to abandon all reserve, and gave way to a wild sorrow. Doctor Ferrol discovered that a mere life income had been their sole reliance; that even a policy of insurance had never been effected! Still, the late eminent common law practitioner, Blackstone Glanvil, Esq., must have a grand funeral—as many of the ensigns of woe as Mr. Graves, the fashionable undertaker, could assemble—a following of mourning coaches equal to that of any other opulent deceased. The widow suspended her tears to glance at the handsome *cortège* through a crevice in an upper blind, and was even a little comforted by the reflection that not one symptom of their dire poverty was apparent; that she had kept up appearances well, to the very last.

Mr. Graves's heavy bill was another consideration. How was it to be met? How were any bills to be met? How was even bread to be obtained? In the grim days which followed the funeral, there was leisure sufficient to contemplate these questions. The widow possessed a few hundred pounds, left her by a relative. This must be sold out of the Three per Cents. and applied to meet present necessities. Then the sons and daughters must go forth to earn for themselves. One youth was at Oxford, where he had been living as the son of a man of wealth, incurring heavy expenses of all kinds, that he might seem on an equality with Sir Alfred Littlego, and young Rupce (son of a partner in Ferrol's bank), and a score other extravagant undergraduates, his particular friends. For his mother's strongest injunction to him had been to keep good society; meaning by the term, not those whose conduct was best, but those whose follies and vices had the palliative of high birth or wealth. And now the poor lad was in a sort of desperation; he had heavy bills against him at the university, and though no legal proceedings could be instituted while he was a minor, yet he shrank from returning there as a pauper. He must seek a situation as tutor. Alas! he had attended more to rowing-matches than to scholarship; who would recommend him? what could he teach? From habits of idleness and profuse expenditure he must suddenly change to laborious industry and economy: what wonder that he found the grafting of these virtues difficult? His final remove was to

be junior usher at a school, perpetually drilling the smaller boys through the Latin declensions, at a salary of five-and-twenty pounds per annum.

Other two youths of the Glanvil family were not qualified for even this fate. One, the youngest and most self-willed, some time after enlisted in the Company's service; the second, whom his father had intended to send to the Temple, subsided into a pettifogging attorney's clerk; and, like a millstone round their necks through life, were the expensive tastes created and fostered by their early training. But the daughters, what became of them? (Oh, most helpless of human beings, the penniless young lady!) Governesses they must be, of course. They had received a showy education, so far as that name can be applied to accomplishments; they could sing and play tolerably, without knowledge of a single principle of the theory of music; consequently, were incapable of teaching it except superficially. Appearances had been the rule here, as in other things; so long as they could warble Italian canzonets, or could say that they were studying German, their real progress in either language was of no consequence. But qualifications may be taken for granted in common life, which are severely examined when money is expected by their means. These poor girls suffered the mortification of rejection in many quarters, and had at last to be content with situations far inferior to their pretensions. Miss Dora Ferrol was looking for a companion about this time: Rosa Glanvil sought and obtained the enviable post, combining some of the duties of a waiting-maid with all those of a housekeeper and secretary; requiring unflagging energies, good spirits, good humour, and good sense, to bear endless whims and slights from the lady-employer. As poor Rosa had not these virtues in continual exercise, but was subject to the vanities and quick feelings of her age and sex, aggravated by her frivolous bringing up, Miss Ferrol and she disagreed a good deal, which was indeed habitual with the elder lady towards her companions, and perhaps rather an agreeable excitement, but to the younger one was the source of much unhappiness. She dared not resent petty insults, when she thought of her own helplessness; and often the same recollection caused her to descend to the meanness of small flatteries.

Mrs. Glanvil herself, a week after her husband's death, penned an affecting letter to her noble friend Lady Glenmoriston; whose had been one of the titles announced at Mrs. Glanvil's parties, and who had testified a regard for that lady on many occasions. The composition of this letter was careful, not to say elaborate; Mrs. Glanvil spent a day and a night's thought over its well-dashed paragraphs; for she wished still to keep up appearances, and convey only the delicatest hint of her embarrassed circumstances. What she expected from Lady Glenmoriston, it would be difficult to say; she had a misty idea that pensions were sometimes bestowed upon needy gentlewomen. But when the coroneted answer was left at the door by a superb person in sky-blue livery, and proved to be a note sympathizing very politely, and regretting very deeply the writer's want of influence, Mrs. Glanvil could have groaned aloud. The postscript offered

her a vacancy (value twenty pounds yearly, and two rooms) in a widow's almshouse established by the late lord at Glenmoriston Park, Yorkshire. The poor lady wept bitterly. She had not anticipated any such downfall as this; but, after a few impotent struggles, she had to submit. Few were aware of her real prospects or destination: she contrived to shroud her movements in such a veil of mystery, that her more credulous acquaintances believed she had gone on a permanent visit to Glenmoriston Park, as guest to her noble friend aforesaid. And thus she made her exit from her former sphere, still plausibly upholding appearances.

Does she ever think, sitting in her very small almshouse parlour—(she is acknowledged chief lady among the widows by common consent, in virtue of her former social rank, which is her dearest topic of conversation and of thought)—does she think of the guilt and injustice she has done, of the misery she has caused? Oh, the scalding tears, the sharp humiliations, the drudgeries, the oft-times bitter hearts of those three daughters earning their bread, in woman's painfullest way; not altogether because of their position in life, but because of their total want of special training or of discipline for such employment—because the hardness of labour was never contemplated, while the soft idleness of admitted competence was indulged till it became almost a necessity. What censure is too strong for those parents who rear their children in a fictitious position, far above their real means! with but one slender life, or, it may be, with only the bubble of a speculation between them and destitution; this New-year's day in a home replete with the refined enjoyments and elegancies of wealth; the next, perchance, adrift upon the cold wide world, feeling every blast piercing in proportion to their previous shelter. Are not such chances accumulating even now? Is not the dominant social fault of this nineteenth century the perilous love of appearance?

Agatha was very sorry for the Glanvil girls, who had good-naturedly been her frequent companions while she was confined to the sofa, and had poured into her sympathizing ears more of their plans for self-help than their mother ever knew. But her attention was soon diverted by another occurrence. Not many mornings after the well-known house was shut up, and labelled "To Let," she was sitting at breakfast with her husband—looking indeed very delicate and fragile, yet feeling a little stronger since April sunshine came—when there was a knock at the hall door—disagreeable, peremptory; one of those concerning which there is an involuntary premonition that nothing pleasant is coming. Doctor Ferrol laid down his paper as the sound of voices in altercation reached him; he pushed back his chair, and rose.

"What can it be, I wonder?" said Agatha.

As white as the white handkerchief to his lips was the face that looked at the sheriff's officers entering. He said nothing, except, "I have expected this for some time;" started when he felt his wife's cold hand laid on his, and led her from the apartment. She hardly asked a question; it seemed to stun her. When he returned to her room, after a short absence with the bailiffs, she

was quietly collecting her clothes, as he had bade her, and said she would not go to her mother's, but to Agnes—to dear Agnes. Every one in the street had news of the executions put into Doctor Ferrol's house. His wife had a note from him in the evening, dated at the Marshalsea.

Strange to say, now that the worst had fallen, he was tranquil than many a time in anticipation of it. Perhaps few evils are so bad as the pictures of them that imagination colours; but he had a sort of desperate calmness. He refused the intervention of Mr. Naggs's choice hotel, as tending to a needless accumulation of fees. Actually in the prison-room, with all lost, he was composed and clear-headed, suffering from no extraordinary depression of spirits—perhaps because he saw a gleam beyond, of a truthful unshackled career yet possible to him, despite his errors and his follies.

In the room adjacent to his, on the common stair, the residents were very far from despondency, as was made manifest by peals of laughter, and comic songs, echoing into the dismal stone passages. When the turnkey came to fasten the doors for the night, Doctor Ferrol inquired the names of the parties opposite.

"In thirty-two, sir? The celebrated Mr. Swyndle, sir, that failed for ninety thousand a fortnight since; you may have heard of Swyndle and Co., sir; the affair made a great noise. All the papers full of it. A very agreeable gentleman, sir—very agreeable."

The fellow evidently had a species of professional respect for this great insolvent, which the small one he spoke to failed to excite. And so it was. All the prison authorities, from Mr. Shackell the governor, downwards, were exceedingly polite to Marmaduke Swyndle, Esq., who had committed the grand fraud of failing for a trifle over eighty-nine thousand pounds, while, upon his own showing, the assets of the company amounted to only twenty-seven thousand. We may mention, as a further illustration of this gentleman's mode of "keeping up appearances," that the sum eventually realized from these assets was little more than eleven thousand pounds; and the dividend paid to ordinary creditors of the firm was sevenpence and a tenth of a penny in each pound. As for the debts of Mr. Swyndle in his private capacity, the dividend was some infinitesimal fraction. And this great mercantile feat had been effected by the clever man in question, with a very small capital of cash, though a large one of plausibility and presumption; enabling him to gull even experienced bankers by a judicious use of the "kite-flying" or bill system. Rumour whispered that Ferrols had suffered heavily. Mr. Swyndle bore his creditors' losses with exemplary equanimity.

Though Hugh had held up pretty well for his first evening, he found the night intolerable. The sense of imprisonment—the remembrance of all that lay between him and the life of but yesterday—the array of follies and of faults that had brought him to this pass—the knowledge that, in one sense, his character was irretrievably injured—these things tormented him like knotted scourges. Through the dark hours, swung hoarsely from the great gaol

clock, he paced to and fro; sometimes looking through the bars of the window at the broad silent heaven mapped with stars. Poor Bodkin, the tailor, coming to see him in the morning, was startled by his haggard face.

"Doctor, you mustn't take on so—you mustn't indeed. Many a gentleman's none the worse for this," he said consolingly. His own ill-shaved visage looked mournful enough. Again and again had he been remanded by the commissioner of bankrupts, owing to complications in his case. Doctor Ferrol felt quite as if he had been an old friend. They had much conversation, and the bankrupt poured out all his woes. Mrs. Bodkin and the little 'uns came regularly to see him; but his eldest son, the boy he had brought up as a gentleman, never came. "A shilling to little Bill was all he ever gave 'em, sir; and he knows they're in straits often. But his own studs and sleeve-buttons and cigars are more to him than kith or kin," the father added hopelessly. "I'm afraid he'll come to no good, poor lad;" a prediction verified a year or two subsequently, when, being detected in some act of peculation at Rayment's, (for his expensive dress, amusements, and luxuries could not be altogether kept up out of his narrow salary,) he was sentenced to some months' imprisonment with hard labour.

The barred window of the room looked out over a great court-yard; while they were talking, there was noise below of doors opening and men tramping.

"Prisoners going to court for to-day's trials," observed Bodkin, with interest. "What a handsome man that is, the second to the left—and so well-dressed."

"I wonder what is his crime," Doctor Ferrol said carelessly.

"Forgery," was the answer. Though Bodkin went on to relate particulars, nothing but the first word remained in his hearer's understanding. Pale as he had been before, he was ten shades paler now, as he looked at the man no whit more criminal than himself.

OUR ENGLISH CLIMATE IN 1859.*

THERE is no nation in the world among whom so much is said about the weather as among ourselves in England. It is the never-failing topic which all think they are competent to discuss, the universal hammer with which the ice of a recent introduction is broken. Who ever read an account of a state funeral, a Chiswick fête, an opening of parliament, or an archery meeting, in which the weather was not prominently reported? On 'Change or the race-course, at the Christmas party and the summer pic-nic, as affecting the health of the people or the safety alike of the splendid East Indiaman or the humble fishing smack, what is of more universal interest? In drawing attention to this subject, we wish to interest and instruct all, and if we add to the number of working meteorologists, our

* By the writer of the monthly "Meteorological Reports" in the "Times" newspaper.

time will be well bestowed. We do not quite understand why there are, comparatively speaking, so few real earnest workers in the field. If we except the barometer, the instruments are not costly, and much may be done without any instruments at all. Is there any great difficulty in noting the direction and colour of lightning, the depth of snow, the thickness of ice, the presence of fogs, auroræ, shooting stars, hail, etc.? If our readers would jot down in their pocket-books the times of these phenomena, they would probably be astonished, both at the mass of information they would collect, and the value some meteorologists would set upon it.

The past year has been a remarkable one, but remarkable for what? If we put this question to our readers, what different answers we should receive! Ask the merchant, the sailor, or the fisherman's widow, and they reply, "For those fearful gales." Ask the railway driver or the country "foot post," and with a rheumatic twinge he replies, "For the broiling heat in July and the snow and frost in December." Ask the artist, and any one who takes pleasure in the lovely, the beautiful, and the sublime; with one voice they exclaim, "For those gorgeous auroræ, the like of which we never saw." And thus we might go on; the astronomer would talk of the solar spots, the gardener of his early flowers cut off by the frost in April, the Cornish farmer of his potatoes, so injured that he had to plough them in, and of his house rocking with an earthquake, etc. All would agree that 1859 was memorable, and justly so; for, to quote the words of one of our observers, "the past year is probably unparalleled for the number of the phenomena, which have passed their ordinary numerical limits."

We now proceed with a brief record of the principal phenomena of each month, and leave our readers to form their own opinion as to whether meteorology is quite that dry and uninteresting subject which we know some think it.

JANUARY.

The month was mild in all parts of England, but occasionally foggy, with slight snow in the northern counties. The mildness of South Devon may be inferred from the fact that, on the 4th, verbenas, heliotropes, and geraniums were in flower, and even strawberries and gooseberries in blossom. Towards the end of the month, several solar spots were visible without a telescope; some idea of the magnitude of these spots may be formed from the fact that our earth might pass through even a medium sized one without the least fear of contact with the sides of the gigantic cavities popularly known as "spots on the sun."

FEBRUARY.

Fine spring weather. Vegetation a month in advance; buds of thorn, honeysuckle, and roses expanded; crocus and snowdrop in flower, and apricots and peaches in bloom in different parts of England, even as far north as Nottingham. A brilliant aurora borealis on the 23rd, the distinguishing feature of which was a tall column of light, like Donati's comet. In Glamorganshire, on the 11th, a number of live fish (from one to four inches in length) fell during a heavy rain, having probably been raised by a whirlwind. An account of this

extraordinary occurrence was communicated to the British Association at Aberdeen, where dried specimens were exhibited.

MARCH.

The warmth which had prevailed during the preceding months still continuing, vegetation attained a forwardness almost beyond precedent; so much so that even in the midland counties the apricots were as large as hazel nuts. On the afternoon of the 30th, a fall of snow occurred almost all over England, of an average depth of six inches, which, being followed by a frost more severe than in either of the two previous months, destroyed nearly all the apricots and a large proportion of other fruit. A heavy rainfall, (three inches in forty-eight hours,) at Clifton, on the 12th and 13th, several appearances of aurora, and a brilliant meteor on the 3rd, (which, singularly enough, was observed to cross the planet Saturn, as seen from Sussex,) must, from regard to space, be passed over with a mere enumeration.

APRIL.

The frost to which we have alluded as closing the past month continued with greater or less intensity during the first two days of this, when it suddenly disappeared under the orders of a south-west wind, which, asserting its claim to be master of the month, very speedily raised the temperature from that (literally) of mid-winter to mid-summer; and this was accomplished in six days, a circumstance hitherto unequalled in our records. On the 13th the snow on the Yorkshire wolds had again accumulated to a depth of more than a foot. On the 17th and 18th the frost in the south of France was so severe as seriously to damage the vines. There were several shocks of earthquake at Malta on the 18th and 19th. A letter from Iceland, dated the 6th, states the winter there to have been excessively severe. We think we have heard it stated as a rule, that generally rigorous winters in the far north are mild in low latitudes. This would appear to confirm it.

MAY.

Generally mild and sunny, with heavy thunderstorms at the end of the month. A correspondent at Helston (Cornwall) says: "The spring is not at all in advance of what is usual, having been completely checked by the frost; the early potato crop was so injured that the ground has been broken up and sown with barley and oats." A fortunate circumstance for astronomers was the brilliant clearness of the evening of the 8th, which enabled all to see the occultation of Saturn, almost as well as if under an Oriental instead of an English sky.

JUNE.

Like the corresponding month of the previous year, June was warm, though not reaching the destructive heat of 1858. There were few occurrences of importance, except some violent thunderstorms. On the 2nd the lightning knocked a hole through the fine steeple of Oundle church, without doing any other damage to the edifice. On the 12th, during a heavy storm in London, several trees and houses were struck and injured; much damage was also done by the rain flooding the low parts of Lambeth and Rotherhithe. On the 26th a violent storm throughout the country, but especially destructive near London. A man is said to have been killed,

standing under a poplar tree, and another while carrying some iron tools on his shoulder; several other persons were injured, and much damage was done to inanimate objects. An earthquake at Erzeroum (Asiatic Turkey), on the 2nd, at 10.30 A.M., was so severe that nearly 1500 men, women, and children were buried in the ruins, to which more than half the city was reduced. (The population was only 40,000 in 1844.)

JULY.

The heat of this month is stated by the Greenwich authorities to have been unequalled during the period over which trustworthy records extend (about 100 years). In Scotland it was not so great, but in the south of England, Ireland, and even as far as Spain, this excessive heat prevailed. A large number of cattle died from *coup de soleil*, or sunstroke, and our readers will doubtless remember that the newspapers mentioned several cases in which human life was sacrificed to the same cause. From the 16th to the 22nd, the country was visited by very violent hail-storms. The destruction was great in all parts, though fortunately not often equal to what it was at Wakefield, where "in the houses, conservatories, and stables of four gentlemen, the large number of 15,000 squares of glass were broken by the hail on the 18th."

AUGUST.

The temperature, like all the preceding months, was warm, though not remarkably so. On the 13th, at 10.15 A.M., a slight shock of earthquake was felt at Brighton, and throughout the eastern counties; it was also recorded by the seismometer or earthquake measurer at Nottingham. At 10 P.M. on the 28th we first observed that glorious aurora which has attracted so much notice; rather, perhaps, by raising the question of the simultaneous visibility of aurora borealis and australis, than from its own beauty, great though that was. Truly it would be delightful to know, when those beautiful "merry dancers" are gleaming in our northern sky, that those whom we love, but who have left our own shores for the gold-fields or sheep-walks of our Australian colonies, are rejoicing in an analogous display. It was so in August, it was so in September, and we confess to a hope that it may ever be so.

SEPTEMBER.

Faint aurora was observed on no less than ten days in this month, from different parts of England; on the 2nd, 3rd, and 24th it was rather brilliant. The month was warm and damp. A heavy rain storm passed over the south of England on the 26th, the average depth being 2 inches; the heaviest fall seems to have been at Aldershot, 2.8 inches. At Corfu, on the 6th, at 5 P.M., there were no less than five waterspouts visible from the Esplanade.

OCTOBER.

So many occurrences claim a place in our record for this month, that we must confine ourselves simply to their enumeration, though hundreds of pages have been and will be written about them. On the 1st and 2nd, aurora borealis. On the 4th, excessive heat, the temperature at Aldershot rising to 79 degrees in the shade and to 96 degrees in the sun. On the 12th, brilliant crimson aurora borealis. On the 15th, great floods in the south of France. On

the 21st, a smart shock of earthquake in Cornwall, about 7 P.M., and a heavy snow-storm in the north of England and over Scotland, which was followed by an unprecedentedly severe frost; the temperature in several localities was below 20 degrees (on the 24th); the difference between the heat on the 4th and the cold on the 24th was thus nearly 60 degrees. It will be remembered that we mentioned a similar occurrence in our notice of April. During the next day (the 25th), the barometer began to fall rapidly, and on the north-east coast of England it fell lower than it had done for nearly twelve years. What followed, one word will describe as well as a thousand—the "Royal Charter" gale.

NOVEMBER.

November generally sustains the character ascribed to it by public opinion, more fully than any month of the year. November, 1859, has done more than sustain the damp and foggy reputation of the most cheerless month of the year: it has positively increased it, in our opinion at least. That the aerial disturbances which occasioned the "Royal Charter" gale were not fully adjusted (if we may so speak) by it, was pretty clearly shown by the gales of the 1st and 5th of this month. Nearly 100 vessels were reported in Lloyd's List as wrecked or damaged by the gale of the 1st: of course, trifling casualties are not included. On the 14th there was a fog so general and so dense that in nearly all our large towns artificial light had to be resorted to.

DECEMBER.

Remarkable for a frost and snow of almost unparalleled intensity. As far as London is concerned, the temperature is said to have been lower than in any December during the present century. The lowest trustworthy temperature in England that we are at present aware of, is 1 degree (at Norwich on the 19th), or 31 degrees below freezing-point. In this cold period the benefit of our insular position was well shown by the fearful intensity of the frost on the continent. Notwithstanding its southerly latitude, the temperature in many parts of France was from 5 to 10 degrees below the lowest in England.

THE BENGALEE BABOO.

"A BENGALEE BABOO! And what is a Bengalee baboo?" we can hear some hundred thousand of our highly interested readers exclaiming, with countenances indicating a manifest unconsciousness as to whether it may appertain to the brute creation, or be classified under the higher designation of the genus man. A Bengalee baboo? evidently a baboo from Bengal, something of Oriental growth, some distinguishing characteristic to be met with only in Hindostan; perhaps a corresponding supporter on heraldic arms to the Bengal tiger; or, perchance, some unicorn, or hideous idol, or manifestation, or some false deity, to be duly worshipped and adored by the millions of self-immolating heathen in that warm and sunny province. Can this be so? or have we wandered from the proper track, and is the Bengalee baboo, after all, some dish of savoury meat, some rare condiment to gratify the taste of the epicure and

to give zest to the feeble appetite in that enervating climate, like Bengal chutney, or the Rajah's curry powder, and such like?

Perchance it may be one of those delicious fruits, the mere description of which makes the mouth to water, such as the luscious mango, the seductive leeches, the insinuating guava, or the no less entrancing custard apple; is it to be numbered with the luxuriantly growing plantain, or the pine-apples, the melons, the sweet limes, and the pomegranates, all too affecting to think of or linger upon; and with these, would it be correct, while enlarging upon the deliciousness of the Oriental fruit garden, to rhapsodize about the "luscious succulence of a ripe young baboo?" or sigh over the flavour of a "fragrant mellow baboo?" Or must we turn to the rivers of Ind, and there, amidst the choicest samples of the finny tribe which glisten at the banquets of the great, and make glad the hearts and stomachs of the million, seek for the highly-prized delicacy, numbered in flavour with the bektie and the mango fish, the shrimps, and the marseer; and with them may we, in felicitous and appropriate language, make mention of the "delicate flavour of a broiled baboo?"

Pretty good guesses these, dear reader, but not absolutely correct, as I will hasten to show. The Bengalee baboo is neither of edible fish, flesh, nor fowl, but is a human biped, a denizen of those picturesque but enervating plains which lie circumjacent to Calcutta; he is the indigenous inhabitant of Bengal Proper, and is a representative of the "mild Hindoo"—a type of that meek and quiet Oriental, which our forefathers loved to speak of, imagining that "mildness" was the constituent element in the Eastern character throughout Hindostan. But the baboo is pre-eminently so; the influence of a depressing climate has long since caused to exude from the marrow of his race every scintilla of fiery ardour; valour and courage have imperceptibly oozed out of the system of his organization; but in the existence that he leads, he exhibits himself in the passive if inglorious character of an indispensable acquisition to the governmental, social, commercial, and domestic wants of the British in India.

How could the sceptre of Victoria hold its sway if it were not for the Bengalee baboo? even though it is true that that supremacy is maintained by the sword, of which the baboo would be terrified at even handling the sheath. Far more fragrant to his olfactories is the smoke from the suttee, if he can but get a sniff at it, than the smoke of the thundering artillery; far more congenial to his ear the beat of the tom-tom, drowning the shrieks of the burning widow, than the rattle of hostile musketry; far sweeter the sound of the temple's gong than the clang of the trumpet and the din of arms; and oh! far more delicious the aroma of his hubble-bubble and the oleaginous attractiveness of his "ghee," his betel leaf and his spices, to the glories of a victor and the reaping of a harvest of laurels. Then, for a nation ruling by the sword, how can the baboo be so indispensable?

Dear reader, look round you in this wonderful metropolis, and ask yourself how one half of this multitudinous mass of beings could get on without one certain class of useful, nay, indispensable ingredients in the social economy. If the soft-speaking, sweetly-smiling "assistants" behind the counter were to vanish from this terrestrial sphere; if bankers' clerks, and lawyers' clerks, and merchants' clerks, senior and junior, one and all were indiscriminately to take to flight, and to clope from their lofty stools; if the army of aristocratic officials, or the so-called "clerks in Government offices," were to melt and evaporate into thin air; if ships' agents, and all that innumerable crew that moil and toil on land ere "the good ship" can put to sea, were suddenly to abscond; and, lastly, if one half of the shopkeepers were to seal hermetically their shutters, and bolt clandestinely from their late seat of operations,

"Who would fill the vacant places,
Who would do the work to-night?"

The Bengalee baboo represents, then, this large and intermediate phase of society between the highest and lowest crust; he is the axis upon which business revolves, midway between the buyer and seller; the machinery that does the work, while the operator directs. Even to a wealthy native, his operations could not progress without the salutary introduction of the baboo; but to an Englishman the baboo is his mainspring; and nothing can be contemplated, much less achieved, without the beneficial condutancy of this important being. The private gentleman who lives but to enjoy himself, employs a baboo as his "sircar," or head-man, who with quick eye intuitively discerns his master's wants, and with the exercise of original cunning and oriental craftiness, executes his commission with singular fidelity and sagacity, whether it be to make known the best moment for investing in certain funds—delicate performances which he achieves with consummate ability, (albeit with a certain modicum of advantage to his immediate personal benefit)—or whether to buy or sell a horse or buggy, lay in stores for the domestic household, pay his servants, carry notes, or draw and disburse his private funds; thus be, in fact, a most desirable adjunct, ready and delighted to do anything in his power for the gratification of "Master."

But the baboo has acquired a knowledge of the English language, having imbibed it from his youth up; and while his colloquial attainments render his services of consequential use to his employers, whose acquirements in the vernacular are in the main limited to phrases expressive of pent-up wrath, and curt enunciations of things needed, the baboo has, moreover, the pen of a ready writer, and is an adept at the rule of three, and other arithmetical calculations which would sorely puzzle the brain and seriously disorganize the ledger, if elaborated by the young blood imported from England. Thus, in offices especially where accounts have to be kept, the baboo is in his glory; and so much sought for is this sable class of commercial assistant, that great baits are held out to tempt him to migrate from his native "country"—



THE OFFICE OF A BENGALIEE BABOO.

his dearly loved rice fields and bamboo plantations of emerald Bengal—to the far-off provinces of the Punjab, even to Peshawur. But the Bengalee baboo, though hired, is ever pining for his domestic swamps; and though tempted by exorbitant salaries, irresistible to the “mild Hindoo,” he nevertheless soon finds his way back, not however before he may have garnered a sufficient harvest of rupees to furnish himself and his family with the few wants his frugal household may need on this side the funeral pyre.

Let me introduce you to baboo Gopal Banerjee, as a tolerable specimen of his class. He has gathered his English education at the village school, and, like every Oriental, has mastered the pronunciation of our sibilant tongue with the usual facility, barring one fatal obstacle, the unauthorized affixing of a preliminary vowel to words beginning with S, to enable him to announce that the “e-shtores” arrived by “e-shteam,” but were nearly lost in a “e-shtorm,” putting him in a “e-shtew.” Bāboo, logically speaking, Gopal Banerjee is neither of the old school, nor is he a disciple of the new, for

the bāboos may fairly be divided into the respective classes of old and young India, which must be analyzed before proceeding further.

The old bāboo is an unmitigated Hindoo, for there are still extant specimens of his class; corpulent, unctuous, lazy masses of humanity, specially attached to idols, intolerant in their creed, much given to the hoarding of wealth, ungainly in their appearance, and powerfully addicted to the abrogation of all clothing that could possibly be dispensed with, and garnished mentally with a smattering of English and a capability of executing pot-hooks and hangers. Young India, on the other hand, has taken a freer gulp at the draught of knowledge, and the absurdities of his creed have glared conspicuously in his mental retina as he imbibed wisdom in the Calcutta College; he quotes Bacon and Shakspeare, sprinkles his discourse with the sayings of a Newton and a Locke, harps upon philosophy, and interlards the current of his speech with the most grandiloquent expressions gleaned from Maunder, not entirely conscious that the high-sounding favoured terms are but too often inap-

propriately applied; but English literature in the style of the best writers has been profusely studied, and he delights to impress his dignity as he passes along by exhaling the perfume of his erudition. His labours over the midnight oil have shaken his credulity in the faith of his ancestors; but the tender plant of Christianity has not yet found in his breast a soil in which to germinate. He adopts the fashion of young England, smokes cheroots, and does not persistently adhere to the ritual of his creed, for he is known to indulge in drinks not emphatically to be recognised as the simple produce of the crystal well. He envelopes his frame in snowy muslin, approximating to the European cut; he discards the primitive "dhotie," or garment girded round his loins, for the more civilized pantaloon, and the yellow or red slippers unrelentingly succumb to the white cotton socks and the patent leather shoes. His head is encased in an embroidered cap, or if in a turban, it is of that defiant and amorphous character as but faintly to indicate the folds of cloth, so artfully is the design effected. The gold-headed cane has usurped the place of the blue gingham, which the old-fashioned baboo wielded; and thus you may recognise the very extreme of that pure and unadulterated baboo whom we have already described.

It must naturally be concluded that in so marked a difference there must be a happy medium, and so it is; for while the ponderous, thick-ribbed, unctuous old functionary is slow in harness, the young blood is not adapted to the traces of commercial life and the drudgery of office work, and his tastes are better suited to a sphere where his enlarged "philosophic views" can be exercised to a greater extent of usefulness.

He may be discovered as a tutor or assistant in government schools, or as the deputy-postmaster of some rural town, even, indeed, in the smaller military cantonment—a situation entirely adapted to his idiosyncrasies, as he is then a man in authority, and with a certain amount of responsibility, to say nothing of his being a government official. He can don the muslin robe in the summer or the velvet habiliment in the colder months, and as the post arrives and departs but once a day, his leisure for the study of philosophy is ample; as also for a clandestine first perusal of the newspapers, which, before distribution, he ingeniously restores to their primitive coverings. By the habit of opening un-received epistles with a view to restoration to the original writers, he acquires a facility of diction in his own epistolary communications, which at times are couched in terms of British familiarity; as, for instance, he finishes off with "kind regards to your good husband, and with kisses to the chicks; believe me, ever yours affectionately, Ramanath Doss." Then he becomes at times a manager of inland transit companies, stage coach societies, agents at river stations for the steam navigation companies; perhaps he may be seen as manager of some large European store, where everything, from crystal fountains and candelabra, down to Jamaica ginger and babies' bibs, are procurable; he may be found at the electric telegraph offices, and occasionally on the personal staff of some pompous old British

general, who, merely imported to the East for the purpose of drawing his command allowance of £4000 a-year, has picked him up in Calcutta to fill up the gap of his own innocence of Oriental matters.

Now, Gopal Banerjee is of the intermediate and prevalent class; he has dipped into philosophy, but that has not prevented him from adopting the high stool and dipping his quill in his master's ink; he sports a turban, which can at sight be recognised as such, although the plaits and fastenings are indiscernible save to the eye of the connoisseur. He has discarded the "dhotie," and would be sorely abashed were he discovered in that state of delectable ease and immunity from bodily raiment in which the old baboo delighteth to sit when executing the functions of a scribe, as, squatting cross-legged before his low desk, he simmers in the heat, and encumbers his ledgers with irreconcilable hieroglyphics in cacography. Now Gopal Banerjee can write a good legible hand with amazing celerity, devoid of those circumambient flourishes which adorn the capitals of the more ancient penmen; he can prepare an account with a rapidity that would annihilate with consternation the baboo of the older species; his memory is retentive, and, when enacting the part of a salesman, he remembers at once the prices affixed to each article, without the collateral aid of an appeal to spectacles and the explication of certain unintelligible ciphers wrought upon the goods in pencil. If inquiries are made, Gopal Banerjee can readily afford useful information, a matter in which the old baboo, with much mumbling of jaw, and ostensible muddling of intellect, besets himself, to the frustration of all enlightenment on the subject in question.

In business transactions then, however concerned, commend me to a Gopal Banerjee—save me from an old baboo. And now let us turn to the illustration and see what greets us there. Aha! there is a veritable old baboo enjoying a happy immunity from an excess of wardrobe. The scene is the entrance chamber of some merchant's office, a region devoted to the conglomeration of "samples," which impregnate the air with unsavoury smells: hams, molasses, hides, opium, indigo, with straw sodden by the infusion of Allsopp and of Bass. Each and all lend their inharmonious blendings, of rather a pungent nature, to swell the overwhelming odours that greet the olfactories. Here a few of the scribes are deposited, registering curious entries. Here may be also a civilized desk, adorned with the presiding genius of a more modern baboo, who directs and controls; here other obese baboos, with unthatched heads and shoulder-blades, with good round paunch *au naturel*, directing the more operative class of functionary, who bear away what is intrusted to them; while here in the foreground is a veritable old baboo, not devoted to the pen, but who is a "sircar," a head-man, armed with his slippered shoes and umbrella; he is about to sally forth to the Exchange to transact business, or to go on board a newly arrived vessel, whose mooring off the Esplanade has just been faithfully announced to the firm.

Farther on, behind the large swinging "purdahs,"

or curtains, is the principal office, where the herd of writers are diffusing useful knowledge or accounts in massive records. "Peons," or native messengers, glide about; and in the far-off chamber is to be heard the clink of rupees, and ever and anon sable attendants sally forth, armed with heavy canvas bags full of the recognised coin of the realm; while, in remote seclusion up-stairs, but uncomfortably warm, and possibly uncomfortably dubious as to the success of some grand speculation, sit in their respective rooms, fanned by the lordly punkah, the partners in the firm.

The business hours are not oppressive in number; and, taking into consideration that every festival or fast in the Oriental almanack is equivalent to a holiday, and that they number legion; and remembering that the *bāboos*, on the heaviest days of their labour, muster at ten o'clock, and gather up their loins to depart as the gong strikes five, the general reader will not look upon the race as over-afflicted with weight of labour. No legislative interference is needed to limit the duration of their overwrought energies, or to save their well-covered ribs from emaciation and premature decay. No society for the relief of faithful *bāboos*, who have worn their fingers to the bone in the British cause, is needed. Oh no! the wily, the mild Hindoo, the soporific, the sudorific, the fat, is too cannie for that: his wants are indeed but few; and, though he may have a hundred vultures in his family who prey upon him, he can well afford to provide provender for all, so simple are their requirements. If the laws of Brahma allow of it, he partakes of food before he comes to office, and then, unlike the famished British clerk, who, with wolfish appetite, commits havoc among the buns at a pastrycook's, or falls foul of a sandwich or basin of soup where more substantial edibles are devoured, the *bāboo* invigorates himself with a gulp of tepid water, which ever and anon he sallies forth to draw for himself from an adjoining tank or well. Thus he resuscitates his fainting energies until the hour for departure has come; when, if his purse allows of it, or his position in the office involves the abstract dignity, or distance to be travelled induces him to spare his legs, he squats himself, cross-legged, in his *palankeen*, which his servants have brought for him; and thus, with his brass *lota* swung behind, he jaunts away to the purlieus of the Black Town, to be enfolded in the arms of his family, to take his bath, his evening meal, and perform (orthodox Hindoo as he is) the rites and ceremonies which constitute what he calls his religion.

OXFORD REVISITED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY."

HERE I am once more in High Street; the bird in full plumage, again returned to the place where its feathers first began to sprout. But will the old birds now in the nest know me? We will see. I walk down to the college gates—those massive oak and iron-bound gates, with a little wicket door cut in one of them (like the hole for the owl in the barn-door), just big enough to admit a

slim under-graduate who "knocks in" after closing hour.

On his bench, just as he sat twelve years ago, sunning himself, sits my worthy old friend the porter. He was sitting there, in the very same place, when I left Oxford; it seems ages ago, and I can scarcely believe that he has never moved since. He looks a shade older than he did, (query, was he *ever* a young man?) a few more wrinkles in his face, his body a little more bent, his face a little more fallen in, his bunch of bright keys a little more bright from use; but there he still sits, "the porter."

He half touches his hat as he rises: he is not quite certain. We smile; his hand completes the circle, and he makes the academical salutation, and gives us a hearty greeting.

Many things of every-day occurrence in our undergraduate career now appear strange, and savouring decidedly of local custom. Amongst the foremost of these may be noticed the perpetual "capping," or touching of hats to superiors: it is not the military salute, nor the Parisian bow, but something between the two, and no one but an Oxford man can "cap" properly. The good old custom still reigns supreme, but time has wrought many changes in other ways.

I can well recollect the fierce opposition that was made by the Dons (as the senior members of the university are called) to the Great Western Railway coming to or near Oxford, so they kept the iron road of progress as far away as possible; but, after a time, a prize poem was read in the theatre, at commemoration, upon "*Via per Angliam ferro strata*," or "Railways;" and now the "Iron Duke" and "Lord of the Isles" puff out and in, right under the walls of one of the colleges. Weary was the journey in those days to Stevenston, or "Oxford Road" station, some ten or twelve miles away, in a miserable fly; now, Hansom cabs rattle down "the High," and whisk round the corners at "Carfax," with a velocity significant of the progress of the age.

Had the author of "The Art of Pluck" written on the present time, he would certainly have included among his various idlenesses "The Idleness of Hansoms." Oxford men now ride from college to college, from wine-party to wine-party, in these luxurious conveyances, and even go out hunting in them; for, in the centre of a field near the top of Bagley Hill, I suddenly came across a Hansom, with two lazy creatures in it, come out to see a fox killed by the old Berkshire hounds.

Sedan chairs are still extant in the university—hideous wooden boxes, carried on long poles by two men, like those used in China. These are the means of locomotion used by the Oxford Don-esses, when they go out to tea and chat together.

Another innovation is, the display of photographs in the windows. Beautiful views of colleges, chapels, walks, the Martyrs' Memorial, etc. fill the shop-windows; and the visitor may carry away in his portmanteau, for a few shillings, stereoscopic views of most of the remarkable places.

There is, I believe, no town in the world so well supplied with shops for the sale of gentlemen's attire as Oxford. There are so many growing

young men in search of apparel—coats, gloves, boating and hunting costume, academical and non-academical garments, etc., that all the best specimens of wearing attire readily find a sale here. One window of one of the principal shops is devoted to caps, surplices, stoles, and bands and gowns of various kinds; the other window displays hunting caps, shooting coats, driving gloves, railway wrappers, etc., portmanteaus, and tandem-whips.

The book shops, too, are peculiar, and range from the shop where are sold heavy classical productions from the university press, to the little shop where second-hand books (principally the ordinary classics) can be bought, and where auctions of the small libraries, prints, etc., of students leaving Oxford are frequently held. The principal book warehouse—Parkers—by custom, has become a sort of club for the senior members of the university, and here they spend their afternoons, looking at the "Times," and discussing the title-page, style, etc., of the latest publications. For excellence in book-binding, let the scholar go to Oxford: it is made a science in this place of learning, and some great readers are as particular about the binding and covers of their books as the fox-hunter is about the condition of his horses.

The quiet, undisturbed monotony of Oxford life is very favourable to longevity, and many hoary and venerable heads and bent forms may be seen under the pulpit of the preacher of the university sermon at St. Mary's, the patriarch of Oxford. Dr. Routh died but a short time ago, and as the mourners looked on the coffin when deposited in its last resting-place in Magdalen College Chapel, they read on the brass plate, "Ob. Æt. C." There is still living in St. Ebbe's parish an aged man (not a member of the University), older even than Dr. Routh; he is now in his hundred and fourth year. Can we produce a similar long term of years for the present generation? If sumptuous repasts, and those too frequently repeated, will give longevity, they will surely attain to it: it is a physiological fact, that great brain work requires frequent supplies in the shape of nutritious food, and this may possibly account for the numerous eatings in the shape of breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, suppers, that are perpetually going on in Oxford.

I went, as in duty bound, to the college buttery, at the entrance to the hall, between one and two P.M. for lunch. Fenced off from his serving-men, we found the portly college butler busy with his books and recording "battles," *i. e.* bread, cheese, and butter, as they were sent out to the various rooms. We took our seat in front of a hecatomb of loaves, a mountain of small pats of butter on our right, and huge jugs full of college ale on our left, brought up from the quarter-of-a-mile of cellars below. While munching our lunch, we observe that the bread man has no easy time of it; with a weapon more like a Waterloo sword than a bread-knife, he quarters the loaves, spears the pats of butter, and slices the cheese; he is working against time, for the buttery will close at two; numbers of plate-bearing "scouts" (college servants) peer above the half door; for, the moment great Tom strikes

two, there will be no more luncheon for anybody, be he never so hungry. Ale, too, the receipt for the brew of which must have been handed down from the monks when they were driven away by King Henry VIII, is distributed in rivers. The last coming scout deposits an enormous pitcher on the bench, and coolly asks for "two gallons of best ale for Dr. —." "What!" said I, "is Dr. — going to drink two gallons of ale?" "No, sir," was the scout's reply. "He aint, but 'is servants is, sir; it's servants' supper to-night, sir." The two gallons of ale will nevertheless appear opposite the doctor's name, when the buttery books are overhauled by some diligent and wondering antiquarian some two hundred years hence.

What is that moving under the table? Why, it's old "Tip," the buttery cat. Well, Tip, you don't get fat. She mews out, "I don't eat bread and cheese, and I have caught the last buttery mouse, I am so clever; and now I am obliged to take to eating black-beetles, which makes me look thin." Never mind, Tip, you have done your duty, and although you are very old, woe be to the buttery mouse that dare show himself on your grounds.

No meat is issued from the buttery, so we descend into the kitchen—an enormous barn-like edifice, ornamented with long oak dressers, two foot thick. A tall screen prevents us seeing the fire; we pop round it and see six spits going round, on which no less than thirty chickens and eight joints are toasted at the same time, "for cold meat," and when these are done, the "dinner will go down." The other side of the kitchen is a regular plateau of little square charcoal fires, on which are placed bright stew-pans innumerable, each containing, as the savoury smell issuing therefrom tells us, something exceedingly palatable. The head cook lives in a little house, whence he issues his orders to his army of white-capped under-cooks and "kitchen boys." He is gone just now into the market to see if he can find a good boar's head, to put on the high table in hall, "bedecked with bays and rosemary."

The Oxford market is one of the best county markets in the kingdom. There are no butchers' shops allowed anywhere in the streets of Oxford, and they are therefore all collected together in this well-regulated establishment, which occupies the space of ground between the High Street and the back of Jesus College. There was a myth, when we were an under-graduate, that a gownsman entering the market would immediately be mobbed. Myth or no myth, but few undergraduates ever entered it. Now, however, we walk in without fear and trembling. Bargaining here and there, with the butchers, poulterers, etc., we see the "manciples," or purveyors of the various colleges, each with honest rivalry anxious to obtain the best that is to be had for money, for their college tables; we walk up and down the rows of this offset of the London Newgate Market, wondering where all the meat can come from; whole sides of oxen, regiments of sheep, droves of pigs, from the huge black straw-burnt bacon pig, to the delicate white-skinned

sucking pig, are placed out for sale. One butcher, with a sense of the ludicrous, had marshalled a row of these creatures, beginning with a little fellow not much bigger than a rabbit, and ending with an overgrown thing that might well be passed for a porker. Each pig had a bit of holly jauntily stuck in its mouth, and a bow of the "Oxford blue" ribbon round its neck, presenting a most ludicrous appearance. The poulterer's shop is close by the fountain in the centre of the market; and the fountain itself is worth looking at, as it is a tasty erection, ornamented at the four corners with bronze heads of oxen. N.B.—An ox crossing over a running stream is the arm of the city of Oxford. The poulterer himself is not visible; he is behind a thick curtain of poultry. Here are seen chickens from Devonshire, wild ducks from Holland, and the decoy at Brill, twelve miles away; tame ducks from Bicester and Aylesbury, larks from the Ilsey Downs, pheasants and common hares from Wytham and Blenheim parks, blue hares from Ireland, and white hares from Scotland, together with a goodly array of teal, widgeon, turkeys, pigeons etc.; and as if to make the show of game as picturesque as possible, over the door is suspended, with its long drooping wings and outstretched neck, a great "moll heron," as the common heron is called by the "Otnoor" gamekeeper, who has brought his prize into the market. "This, then, is the place whence came the thirty chickens we saw roasting just now," we exclaim, as a porter with a brass ticket on his arm comes out of the shop, carrying a large basketful of deceased birds, all ready plucked and covered with flour. His little son follows behind him, with a big goose slung on to his neck in front, and a turkey behind; and under the heavy weight of these two birds, almost as big as himself, the little urchin can hardly stagger along through the assembled crowd. The destination of these birds, one may be sure, is the college kitchen for to-day's dinner, and to-morrow's breakfast and luncheon.

Though meat is forbidden to be sold in the streets, fish is not so prohibited, and "Tester's" shop in the High Street displays quite as good a show on the white marble slab as we can see in Charles's shop in London. Again, here numerous messengers are waiting round the door, to carry off the turbot, salmon, soles, etc. to the omnivorous colleges. Vegetables cannot be bought in the streets; there is a goodly supply of them in the market, and we see a long row of farmers' market carts, drawn up in a line in the centre of the wide street opposite Balliol; some of these carts are sacrilegious enough often to rest over the neat granite cross which is sunk into the ground to mark the place where the martyrs Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were burnt. Doubtless, the farmers' wives often see this cross, but do not know why it was placed there; however, the cross is too solid to be hurt by the cart-wheels.

As we re-enter our college, we again mark the work of progress. A fountain plays merrily, where there was no fountain before, in the pond in the centre of the quadrangle; the canons' doors are all repainted, the hideous old wood-work has been all removed from the cathedral, and new placed in its

stead; there is more accommodation, more light (for a new and beautiful glass window has been put up in the east end), a better choir, a better organ; and all this, besides many other improvements, due to the great master mind who now holds the reins of power within these ancient walls.

But listen: "Great Tom" bell is beginning to "go down." As the cathedral clock strikes the hour of nine, Great Tom proclaims every night, with his deep-toned iron tongue, the number of 101—one call for each of the students on the foundation; this night, a greater number than usual answer to his call; they are assembled from far and near, from remote rectories, vicarages, curacies, and from the various busy professions of public life, for twelve short hours, in order to present to their senior member, now about to leave the college, a token of their long esteem and regard. To-morrow's sun will again disperse them, each to his distant home, to meditate upon the various scenes of their youth, which once again have passed like a dream before their eyes.

But Great Tom has "gone down," and all is silence and peace. In the stillness of night, dark forms are seen, slowly wending their way towards the chapel; the Latin prayers echo softly amid the massive Norman pillars, the dim vaulting of the side aisles, and over the graves of many great and good men, who were once amongst us. The fervent "amen," and the solemn response from the kneeling forms, proclaim the deep inward feelings of the human souls, who are once more met together to bow the knee under the same sacred roof, to be thankful for the past, and to pray for blessings on the future.

THE BIBLE IN INDIA.

WHEN it was proposed, in 1847, to introduce a Bible class into a school at Madras, the measure was forbidden by the Court of Directors, though the attendance was to be purely voluntary, and though the proposition emanated from the Council of Education, comprising the governor, with nine other distinguished government officers and two native gentlemen, one a Hindu and the other a Mussulman. The anxiety of the Court to avoid "the slightest suspicion of proselytizing" would appear to be little shared by the natives themselves, who not only send their children to the mission schools, where the Bible is the most prominent element in the instruction, but introduce it into their own schools, and freely discourse of its contents. The rajahs of Mysore and Travancore, both Hindu princes, have personally desired the Christian Scriptures to be read and taught in schools founded and supported by themselves. It is common also to hear educated natives boast of their acquaintance with the sacred volume, and express their admiration of its contents. Nor is it apparent why its presence in a school should incur the "suspicion of proselytizing," any more than the Vedas or the Koran. These works are freely studied by Christians, without awakening any alarm for their faith in themselves or others. At all events, it is not the part of a Christian government to anticipate an objection which does

not naturally arise from the natives, nor to disclaim so eagerly the "suspicion" of a zeal for their religion. Such disclaimers are often the very way to awaken suspicion; and recent events have shown that government was not, with all its anxiety, acquitted of designs upon the native religions, which a more open circulation of the Scriptures would have shown to be impossible.

If this restriction, then, be uncalled for, the friends of the Bible are entitled, on that ground alone, to object to it as injurious and dishonouring to the holy volume. Its perusal should be left as free as any other work. Its introduction into the government schools might be safely confided to the local authorities, subject to the general security for the enjoyment of religious liberty. No one desires the Bible to be forced upon a reluctant reader; but, on the other hand, no prohibition ought to be intruded which may have the effect of intercepting a voluntary resort to it. The "libraries of colleges and schools" are not always the most accessible places to the pupils; and it is not a vague, *amateur* discussion of its pages, "out of school hours," between heathen pupils and some unqualified, perhaps unbelieving masters, that can be admitted as dispensing with the duty of imparting the most sacred instruction with all possible efficiency, wherever a class can be formed for its free and voluntary reception.

The question is altogether misconceived when it is spoken of as a means of proselytizing. No one acquainted with missionary operations would look for "proselytes" through the aid of government schoolmasters, when the much shorter course is open of direct missionary teaching and preaching.

It is idle to attempt to "improve the moral and intellectual condition of the natives without in the least infringing on their religious convictions." Religion, true or false, will invariably challenge the subjection of the intellect and heart; to transfer these to another master is at once to subvert the empire of religion. This effect has already been experienced in India, not only as the result of direct education, but of the still wider action of British government, legislation, language, and literature. Hinduism finds itself as much threatened by the very law and equity of a Christian nation as by the gospel itself.

The Bible, then, is not required to overthrow the native religions; but it is unfortunate that, so far as government education has hitherto gone, its results have been simply *destructive*. Limited, for the most part, to the colleges of superior instruction in the principal towns, it has raised up a class of educated natives who have discarded their own religion without obtaining a better.

The more this great question is considered, the more it will be seen that, not only is it not right to embarrass the holy volume with derogatory prohibitions, but that the course of education, already entered upon, demands its free circulation as a measure of *prudence*. It is the only safeguard against the evils of an imperfect, unsanctified knowledge. That the government should undertake the circulation of the Bible is not desired. The missionaries can do this more effectually. What is asked

is, that they should not *exclude* it from a system of instruction which professes to embrace the elements of genuine education; that they should not compromise its character before the natives, in order to conciliate prejudices adverse to the truth. The friends of religious education cannot be satisfied when representations, resting on principle and experience in many parts of India, are met by apprehensions of political dangers which have always proved unfounded. Nor is it just to the sovereign or people of Great Britain, to insinuate that the abrogation of a gratuitous and offensive restriction, imposed by the officious anxiety of Europeans, would be an interference with the religion of the natives, contrary to the proclamation of her Majesty on assuming the government.*

ZOU-ZOU.

THE *gamins* of Paris, we believe, first applied to the world-renowned Zouaves the pet name of *Zou-Zous*; and France has confirmed the pleasant diminutive. We know well enough that Zou-Zou has certain faults; but we also know that he possesses some estimable qualities. On the whole, we gaze at his scarred bronzed face and long shaggy beard with respect, and do not shrink from cordially clasping his horny brown hand, powder-begrimed though it be. We read all about his valorous doings, and his somewhat ludicrous and not unpardonable misdoings, during the recent Italian campaign, as chronicled daily by his own countrymen, and we shall now compile some interesting examples of his exploits and racy peculiarities, which have fallen under our notice.†

When the Zou-Zous embarked at Marseilles, they leapt on board the vessels as though charging a column of Croats, crying to their comrades, "Come, gentlemen, take your tickets for Austria!" Arrived at Genoa, they received their fair share of flowers and kisses from the enraptured signoras, and embraces and orations from their lords and fathers.

M. Achard visited the camp of the famous 3rd Zouaves, and gives us a graphic sketch of the fire-eaters reposing. We must premise that they had only arrived four or five days from Algeria. "It was," says he, "like a little corner of a great war picture. The canvas town possessed regularity, animated order, picturesque and lively movement, and one felt the presence of discipline, and a pleasing sense of gaiety and fearlessness. Behold the little, narrow, short tents reserved for the sub-officers; their neighbours large, and similar to a squab coffee-pot, for the captains and commandants; others ample and conical, each for five soldiers, ranged in ranks; groups of Zouaves round a candle, in a low tone chatting about their African campaigns; some silently smoking a pipe apart; two or three lying on the ground in corners, reading

* From a work recently published by the Religious Tract Society, entitled, "India, its Natives and Missions," by Rev. G. Trevor, M.A., Canon of York.

† The anecdotes in this paper are selected and grouped from contemporary French publications, viz.,—"La Guerre d'Italie;" and "Montebello, Magenta, etc., Lettres d'Italie, par Amédée Achard."

letters and dreaming, their comrades singing the chorus of songs; the refrain dies away and sleep succeeds. Here and there, under the canvas, a little lamp gives light to an officer, who writes in haste a last letter. Little noise, great order; each battalion has its place. As the darkness increases, we see red sparks in the air along the tents. The cigar enlivens the promenade, then the sparks disappear one by one; the bivouac fires are extinguished; the mules of the regiment bite at each other, and endeavour to break their straps; close by, the Arab horses of the officers, digging the earth with their hoofs, snuffing the air, devoid of the warm odour of the desert, and shaking their manes. * * * The next day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the regiment, containing three battalions on a war strength—2700 men, exclusive of officers—was reviewed by Prince Napoleon. They looked models of hardy active soldiers. Their faces, which appeared cut out of Florentine bronze, had the manly ardour and the confidence resulting from habitual acquaintance with danger. They were in marching order. At eight o'clock they started, clarions at their head and tarbouch in front, for their first *étape de guerre*, twenty-seven kilometres, and in the evening they encamped in the mountain, at Toreglia, very near the Austrians!"

We may remark that one great reason for the very singular celerity with which the Zouaves encamp, provide their food, etc., is the fact that each company, or portion of a company, or "tribe," as it is called by the men themselves, is subdivided for what we may term domestic duties, each individual being charged with a distinct and special function; and constant practice naturally renders them amazingly expert at doing whatever they are called upon to daily and nightly perform.

The Zou-Zous, and their African friends the Turcos, are said to have an invincible preference for fighting at close quarters with the bayonet. A certain quantity of cartouches were served out at the moment of departure, but these cartridges were not forthcoming at Genoa. The officers were angry, and required the production of the missing ammunition. "Be not troubled," said the Zou-Zous; "leave us alone, and we will return you ten for one at the first battle." A stubborn old sergeant added, "We wish to see if the Austrians are like the Kabyles." In fact, their point of honour is to charge with the bayonet, and to charge at a swift run. Their activity is incredible; and they have been aptly called "foot cavalry," which is hardly a paradoxical jest like our own time-honoured snecr of "horse marines."

The Zou-Zous have a marvellous capacity for physical endurance. Some black coffee, and a biscuit or piece of hard ammunition bread steeped in it, generally formed their breakfast, and then they were able and willing to march with their very heavy knapsacks a whole day in the broiling sun before dining. A Zouave's knapsack is full of a wonderful variety of articles, and, when in marching order, he actually carries the enormous weight of sixty pounds! But Zou-Zou is not an anchorite; he does not voluntarily endure hunger when he can lawfully, or (as some whisper) even unlawfully,

obtain an appetizing addition to his rations. At Palestro, the Zouaves drolly distinguished themselves, by marching with a pleasing variety of edible prizes secured about their persons. They bore quarters of lamb, immense pieces of raw meat, salad, cabbage, and all kinds of vegetables; upon the shoulder of one was perched an old cock, tied by the foot by way of precaution! All the world knows how omnivorous Zouaves are; and, by way of illustration, we will only mention the astounding fact, that at Solferino they daintily feasted on fillets cut from the backs of the horses killed in that tremendous battle!

The Austrians sent some daring spies into the Zouave camp, fully and carefully dressed as Zou-Zous, speaking French, and affecting in all respects the habits and language of the men among whom they treacherously stole. But, as an old soldier observed, "the asses who wear lions' skins are recognised, not by the dress, but by the language." So it was with these Austrian spies. The touchstone which infallibly detected them was the Arab, or rather the Sabir tongue. The Sabir is a dialect used by the Zouaves and the Turcos, and is a singular mixture of French, Italian, Maltese, Spanish, and Arabian. Let us see what the Sabir can do with the wicked hawk who has stolen into the Zouave dovecot, disguised in innocent plumage like their own.

"A spy, dressed as a Zouave, holding his cap behind him, accosts other Zouaves (true ones these). They talk of war, ambuscades, battles; they drink and sing. An old Zouave addresses the spy: 'Didou, camarade, gib el touchran; j'ai laissé mon sipsi dans la gitoun.' This, in Sabir, signifies, 'Comrade, hand me some tobacco; I have forgotten my pipe in the tent.' The spy, surprised, does not reply. 'Enta machache nari el Arabi?' (Dost thou not understand Arabian?) continues the Zouave. The same silence. Suspicions are aroused: the pretended Zouave is closely questioned. He is confused; he confounds Blidah with Orléansville: finally he is seized, and duly shot."

No body of men attracted more notice, on first landing in Italy, than the 3rd Zouaves. Nearly all the officers had risen from the ranks, or, at any rate, all had been sub-officers, and had won their epaulettes and crosses in Africa. The men could reckon a number of years' service, both in Africa and the Crimea. Their flag was in tatters, and tied together with shoemaker's thread.

At Palestro, these 3rd Zouaves performed a brilliant feat of arms. A wounded Zou-Zou subsequently described it most graphically. "We were," said he, "very tranquilly opposite a rivulet; we beheld five or six horsemen upon an eminence; it was said that they must be enemy's hussars, watching us, and the word passed to prepare to have a chat with them. But all in a moment, and without a note of warning, a parcel of bullets, accompanied by a hail of cannon balls, saluted us. The rogues had mounted cannon on the hills, and their tirailleurs skulked in the corn, where one could not see them. Whilst we looked out, the *mitraille** mingled

* "Mitraille," grape shot, with scraps of metal, and all sorts of small missiles.

in the conversation. The colonel saw whence it came by the smoke. The officers turned towards us. 'Eh, Zouaves!' cried they, 'to the cannon!' We leapt in the stream. There was water up to our elbows, and so our cartridge boxes took a bath; we were no longer able to fire a single charge. From the stream to the batteries we had to run about 300 metres. Ah, we already surpass the *pas gymnastique*! The *mitraille* mowed the grass around our feet. In the twinkling of an eye we carried the guns!"

Among the wounded Austrians taken prisoners, was a young man of twenty-two, who had previously studied at Paris five or six years. He fought at Palestro, and when he saw the Zouaves running and leaping with bayonets in advance, he cried, "Comrades! they are Zouaves! We are lost!"

An Austrian officer related that General Jellachich, struck with astonishment at sight of the Zouaves in action, exclaimed, "They are not men, they are tigers!" And then he muttered, "They told me so, but I did not believe it." A good many others of his countrymen had reason to think and speak very much the same. Yet, even among the Zouaves there are some who pre-eminently distinguish themselves by their surpassing activity, daring, and successful valour.

Zou-Zou has a humour of his own even in the heat of battle—grimmiest of all grim humours! Endless anecdotes are told of their strange speeches and stranger deeds in the midst of the storm of battle. Many of these would be painful to our readers, but the following give relief to the stern cruelties of war. Would that the kindly or generous feelings which they record could be displayed on more peaceful scenes!

During a bayonet fight, a Zouave fought against an Austrian, and broke his thigh with a violent butt-end blow; the Austrian, in falling, broke the arm of the Zouave. There they lay side by side, their mutual fury extinguished. The Zouave, who had a smattering of Italian, said to the Austrian, "Thou art brave, and I will not leave thee to die like a dog. I have yet an arm and a pair of good legs, and I will carry thee to the ambulance." He was as good as his word. When he arrived with his burthen, he said to the surgeon-major, "You see, major, that we are on a level; cure us quickly, that we may do our duty afresh." We will add, that the compassion and kindness manifested after a battle by the crewlike fierce Zouaves towards their wounded enemies, is a fine trait in their character. Like our own matchless seamen, the Zouaves are lions whilst the battle rages, and lambs after it is ended.

Here is a touching incident. The day after the battle of Palestro, the Zouaves buried their dead comrades in a great pit dug on a little eminence. When the earth was levelled, they bid adieu, with emotion, to their slain brothers-in-arms. "Comrades!" cried a sergeant, "may God receive you! 'Tis your turn to day—to morrow it may be ours!" With these simple words the Zou-Zous left their dead brethren to repose on the field of their victory.

And the wounded Zou-Zous, how bear they the

agony of musket ball, or bayonet thrust, or sabre gash, when the excitement of the actual combat is over? When Commandant de Bellefonds, of the Zouaves of the Guard, was wounded at Magenta, his men wished to carry him to the ambulance. "Remain in your place," said he. "Leave me, my friends; I forbid you to remove me: continue to fight." After the Austrians were repulsed, the Zou-Zous sought their brave officer and bore him away. He eventually recovered.

The Zouaves being by far the most popular and brilliant corps in the army, it is considered, both by officers and privates, an absolute privilege to wear their uniform, and both sub and superior officers have been known to refuse to exchange into line regiments even with prospect of higher rank.

Some of the Zouaves were themselves taken prisoners and sent to Vienna, where they attracted extraordinary notice. On their arrival they were surrounded by Hungarian and Polish soldiers, who examined their uniform and criticized their personal appearance with lively curiosity, making each poor Zou-Zou exhibit himself and explain the use of every portion of his equipments—which, it is said, he did with great good humour. By way of contrast to the above, we present the following. A number of Austrian prisoners arrived at Toulouse. A sub-officer of the 3rd Zouaves, whose family lived there, and who was himself *en route* to Paris, happened to be at the railway station when the prisoners arrived, and he recognised three Austrians whom he had made prisoners at the battle of Magenta, where he was wounded by one of them. He now shook hands with his ex-captives, and, having obtained permission to defer his own departure, he took all three home with him, and treated them with the utmost hospitality.

